

# MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR •



November  1943



## Honorary member of Maryknoll

A RECENT VISITOR to the Maryknoll headquarters was Señora Elena Arroyo del Rio, wife of the President of Ecuador. In the Seminary quadrangle, before the statue of Our Lady of Maryknoll, Bishop Walsh presented our visitor with a scroll of honorary membership in the Society.

Accompanying Señora Arroyo del Rio to Maryknoll were her son, Señor Augustin Arroyo del Rio, at present a student in the United States; and Dr. Roberto Levi Castillo, a prominent Ecuadorian who is an official delegate to this country. The Señora was most gracious in the acceptance of our simple hospitality. She said:

*"I am proud to be affiliated with Maryknoll and with the Catholic women of the United States, who by their support and sacrifice have done so much to spread over the whole world the teachings of Christ."*

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*The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul*



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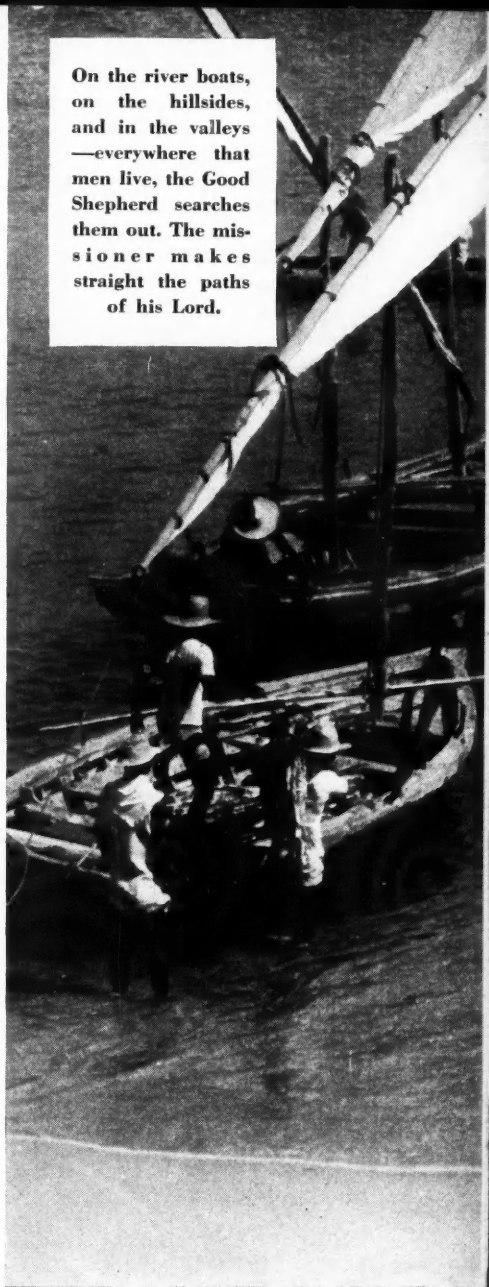
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On the river boats,  
on the hillsides,  
and in the valleys  
—everywhere that  
men live, the Good  
Shepherd searches  
them out. The mis-  
sioner makes  
straight the paths  
of his Lord.



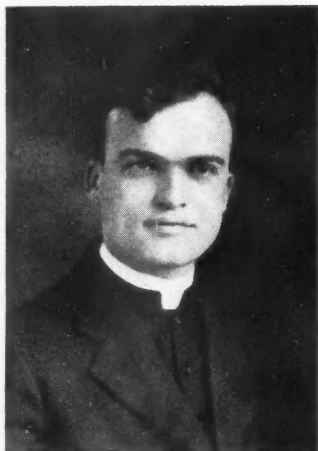
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## Pillbox of courage

EVERY morning Mrs. Ma slowly makes her way up No Devil Hill. Sometimes the narrow dirt road is thick with the mud of monsoon rains; at other times it is hot from the swirling dust caused by the parching South China sun. But, rain or shine, Mrs. Ma never fails to make the journey. It means life to her; and although Mrs. Ma can see many evidences about her that life is not held in too high value these days, nevertheless, she finds her own existence something quite precious and worth preserving.

At the top of the hill, Mrs. Ma invariably pauses to regain her breath. It is a steep climb for an old woman of seventy-five, and by halting she can look over the assembled crowd and spot her cronies. Then she will go to them, sit down, and pass the news of the day until the short, stocky, curly-haired American priest comes out and invites them to enter the courtyard of the old abandoned temple.

Mrs. Ma is but one of the many hundred emaciated refugees that Father Francis J. O'Neill, of Valley Falls, Rhode Island, feeds daily. With the crumbling temple as his headquarters, Father O'Neill can be found on any morning, bending over a circle of steaming caldrons of boiling rice gruel and beans, as he stirs and seasons. Sometimes several thousands of Chinese stand outside waiting to be fed.



*Maryknoll's Father Francis J. O'Neill, of Valley Falls, R. I., is at his post in South China*

by ALBERT J. NEVINS

Often, on these days, he must turn away some of his starving people, because there is not enough food to go around.

In the famine-ravished Toishan area of South China, Father O'Neill gives assistance to all the needy. Typically, he forgets that his own position is none too secure, since, just across the Southwest River bounding the Canton Delta, the armies of Japan form a hard line of steel. As firmly based as a pillbox this

young American priest carries on his daily tasks with little attention to the roar of the Japanese guns. Twice the Japanese have come to Toishan, and twice, after a clash with the Chinese, they have gone back across the river.

### **Determined Rhode Islander**

Father O'Neill moved his hospital patients and orphans to a mountain village. When he tried to join them, he found that his path had been cut off by the Japanese. He was almost apprehended by one patrol, but was able to hide in the bushes before he was seen. Later he managed to get back to the deserted city.

On one occasion when the Japanese came into Toishan, they found the determined Rhode Islander standing with arms folded at the mission gate. He refused them admittance to the mission grounds; and the Japanese, respecting his courage, passed him by. All during



the occupation he remained on guard, and not one person on the mission grounds was molested in any way.

The Japanese dropped into the mission at all hours. One arrived while the priest was making coffee. Father O'Neill gave the soldier a cup of coffee and apologized for the lack of sugar. The following day the soldier came back with a whole bag of sugar.

***"I can't let them starve"***

Five times Toishan has been bombed by the Japanese. These occasions have meant endless hours of bandaging and nursing by the priest. Father O'Neill's hospital grew more crowded, and his rice lines longer, after each raid. Anyone needing help knew that he could get it from the young missionary.

During one two-hour raid, when Father O'Neill was helping to rescue victims from the ruins, he heard the cry of a child buried under the debris of a house near by. Going over, he dug the child out. Just as he started away,

he heard the scream of bombs coming down. One bomb landed across the street, another in front of him. He was hurled to the ground by the explosion. With the child in his arms, he struggled to his feet and ran. The citizens of Toishan so admired his courage that they gave him a large testimonial banner of appreciation.

Today Father O'Neill can be found doling out rice gruel in the old abandoned temple on No Devil Hill.

"We can give only four ounces a day to each refugee," he writes. "Otherwise there would not be enough to go around. Four ounces is just enough to keep a person from complete starvation. Naturally, on such a diet my poor suffer horribly from malnutrition, and they easily fall victim to the many diseases that are spreading over these parts. I am doing the most I can with the help I get from America. But if I am to keep this soup kitchen open, I shall need more and more assistance. I can't allow these people to starve before my eyes. Can I?"



*The rice line forms outside an old Chinese temple. Sometimes there is not enough rice to go around, and starving people must be turned away*



"I bear His Cross on my shoulders  
Through all the darkness of the world;  
Because the light eternal  
Is in my eyes."

—Jorge De Lima

## Saint of "Green Hell"

by JOHN O'DARE

LIMA, the beautiful Peruvian "City of the Kings," is also a "City of Saints." During the few days that I was to spend with Father John McGinn, whose work at Maryknoll-in-Lima is for Chinese immigrants, I was anxious to visit scenes of the lives of Saint Rose of Lima, Blessed Martin de Porres, Archbishop Turibius, and Saint Francis Solano.

"There's a young Indian priest following some special studies at the University," said an acquaintance. "He would be an excellent guide for your pilgrimage. He's a native of the Paraguayan Gran Chaco, the 'Green Hell' where Saint Francis Solano made Christians of the children of the wilderness."

The following day I met Father Fran-

co, and was attracted to him at sight. His erect carriage combined grace with simple dignity. The almost startling vitality of his dark eyes was tempered by the friendliness of his ready smile. He was, I judged, in his early thirties.

We decided to visit first the *Convento de San Francisco*, where the "Wonderworker of the New World" died in 1610. I asked Father Franco to supplement my rather incomplete knowledge of the saint, before we set out.

"Saint Francis was born of a noble family in sunny Andalusia, the southernmost province of Spain," the Indian priest related. "He was endowed with unusual gifts and great personal charm. He was a skilled violinist, and

his singing voice had a haunting beauty.

"In 1570 Francis Solano became a Franciscan. He was soon assigned to posts of great responsibility. In 1583 he gave proof of heroic charity by caring for the plague-stricken in his native Andalusia. Not long after, a burning desire of his heart was satisfied, when he was assigned to mission work in South America.

"From Lima Saint Francis was sent to Tucuman, in northern Argentina. From there he made mission journeys through the Gran Chaco of my native country. He carried a portable altar and a few liturgical books. He journeyed barefoot from jungle village to jungle village, and God granted him the gift of tongues. The Indians saw Christ in him, and loved him.

"Nearly two-score years the saint spent in this apostolate. Then he was recalled to Lima. He died while his brethren were singing the Mass, at the moment of the Consecration."

### ***In the jungle clearing***

Father Franco hesitated a moment, then added: "I am personally acquainted with an Indian from the Gran Chaco who, as a boy, had an extraordinary experience in connection with this saint. He took the name 'Francisco Solano' when he became a Christian.

"This boy had no use for white people or the Christian religion. He thought Christian teachings made his people chicken-hearted and willing to become the slaves of white men. He was, in fact, very bitter about it. The boy was seventeen when he had the extraordinary experience I mentioned.

"He loved to walk alone in the jun-

gle; its solitude soothed his restless spirit. One morning very early, he entered a clearing and was amazed to see a silent gathering of Indians seated on the ground. Their faces were turned towards a man in a brown habit, at the far side of the clearing.

"The man was a Spaniard and undoubtedly a priest, yet the young Indian felt none of his customary hatred. The foreigner was looking upwards to where a rift of blue showed through the green canopy of the trees. He held a violin under his chin, and as the boy gazed, music filled the clearing. Sunrise illumined the priest's face. Birds of vivid hue flashed overhead, and as the stranger began to sing, they blended their voices with his. The boy could not distinguish the words of the song, but it lifted him on strong wings to the Love in which alone the heart of man can rest. After a while the joy of it became unbearably great. He stole away.

"The next morning the boy returned to the clearing. It was empty, but it seemed to him that a strain of the divine melody still hung in the air. He discovered later that the clearing was one in which Saint Francis Solano had preached and sung to his Indian children over three centuries ago."

I wanted to learn more about the Indian boy, but Father Franco seemed to have forgotten my presence. I left him, to get my Breviary from the chapel. The book I picked up first was not mine. On the flyleaf I read the name, *Francisco Solano Franco*.

There was no further need of inquiring what had become of the Indian boy. . . I knew.

### ***A glad surprise***

A postscript to the Maryknoll Sisters' mission assignments was announced when the names of Sister Mary Bernice Stewart, of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and Sister Irma Francis Kulage, of St. Louis, Missouri, were added to the list. Owing to military regulations, the destination of these Sisters cannot be specified.



*The little church on Sancian Island was renovated by Father Cairns*

## **Missing in action**

by THOMAS V. KIERNAN

MARYKNOLL has sustained war casualties; but there is a certain human resignation which accompanies definite knowledge of a loss, no matter how sad it may be. We are in uncertainty about our Father Robert J. Cairns. He is "missing in action."

Nearly four hundred years ago, Saint Francis Xavier, too, was "missing in action." His confreres in Goa and Europe feared the worst and prayed for the best, until the couriers arrived to confirm his lonely death on the shores of Sancian Island. Xavier died on December 2, 1552. The last certain news of Father Cairns dates from December, 1941.

### **Conflicting reports**

The United States Department of State advised Maryknoll, early in 1942, that Father Cairns' name appeared on an unofficial list of Americans interned near Canton. However, in August of the same year, Americans who had been interned in Canton reported, on

their repatriation to America, that Father Cairns was not in the camps where they had been imprisoned.

It is definitely known that he was still on Sancian Island after the attack on Pearl Harbor. The stories of Chinese who saw Father Cairns taken as a prisoner on board an enemy destroyer do not agree as to what happened thereafter. Was "Father Sandy" executed, or was he taken to an internment camp?

Consequently, Maryknoll does not know with certainty the fate of Father Cairns. We list him as "missing in action." We pray for his ultimate safety, or for the eternal repose of his gallant soul.

Father Cairns was born a twin, in Scotland, fifty-nine years ago, and was brought to America by his parents before he was a year old. The family settled in Worcester, Massachusetts, where the young Robert attended the parochial schools.

As a boy, he had hoped to attend Holy Cross College and to become a

priest; but his was not to be the easy route to the priesthood. He worked and studied evenings for twelve years, before he entered Holy Cross. In 1914 his Alma Mater conferred on him the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. That fall, he entered Saint Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, where he pursued his theological studies for two years.

In 1916 young Cairns came to Maryknoll. Two years later, he was ordained to the priesthood, in his thirty-second year. For two years following his ordination, he contributed his business experience to the young Society in developing its organization at home.

In 1920 he was assigned to the Maryknoll Mission in China, where his talents were used in establishing the first Maryknoll House in Hong Kong. Later he filled various mission posts in the Kongmoon Vicariate, being ever a source of strength to his confreres by his buoyant disposition.

Eventually the sacred soil of Sancian

Island was entrusted to his care. Most of the inhabitants of this Isle of Saint Francis Xavier were nominal Catholics, but had no real knowledge of their Faith. But this did not dampen Father Cairns' zeal. In season and out of season, he was the good shepherd, making special efforts to attract the youth and to let none of the negligent oldsters die without an opportunity of a death-bed conversion.

In 1939 Bishop Fourquet of Canton requested the

assistance of Father Cairns as his representative, to take charge of the Catholic War Relief work in the city. Not only Father Cairns' fellow Catholics of Canton sang his praises; his Chinese and American co-workers, both Protestant and non-Christian, also attested to his organizing ability and his tireless charity.

In 1941, when relief funds ran out, Father Cairns returned to Sancian. In December a friendly commander of a Japanese patrol boat warned him of the outbreak of war between Japan and the United States. He advised Father Cairns to evacuate to the mainland, and offered to land him in Free China. But "Father Sandy" was not the man to run away from danger.

After a second patrol boat's personnel had looted the mission, he sent his native nuns and many young women to the mainland for protection. The following day, as Chinese later reported, Father Cairns was taken prisoner

aboard a destroyer. Thereafter we have had no authentic report of his fate.

The fellow missionaries of Father Cairns are calmly confident that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate" Father Cairns "from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." (Romans VIII: 38-39)



*On a visit to the United States to arouse interest in Sancian Island, "Father Sandy" demonstrates the use of chopsticks*

Father Kelliher had been a little nervous about his first sermon, but he had not reckoned with the rooster!

## My first sermon

by FRANCIS G. KELLIHER

THE other day I found myself thinking of the first sermon I ever preached as a priest. It was entirely different from anything I had ever imagined. As a seminarian, I had always felt a little twinge of apprehension as I visualized myself before a large congregation in some spacious church, with nothing to cling to but a painstakingly written and memorized sermon. It would be so easy to forget what came next!

So I used to dream. Here is what really happened.

After several hours of hiking, I came to a little village. Directed to a Christian home, I set up the Mass kit on an altar made of a plank supported by wooden horses. My church was the very small, Chinese-village living room. It was about ten paces wide, and four deep. There was enough room for quite a flourish at the *Dominus vobiscum*,

without molesting the congregation. However, my movements were rather circumspect; I was playing safe.

### "I can't understand a word"

After Mass I turned about for my first sermon as a priest. There were three women and several youngsters—my first congregation. The other Catholics of the village were absent, because it was market day. Framed in the doorway were a dozen or so pagan lads and lasses, curious to see what the queer-looking foreigner was about. Would I forget the few Chinese words I had memorized? Well, I didn't. But something quite as interesting happened.

I was just in the middle of a very fine phrase, fashioned by my language teacher, when a rooster, caged up near the Gospel corner of the altar, made his presence known. I thought to best him—but he had the better voice. I waited. Finally, as all roosters do, he had his say and quit. I manfully struggled through to the end.

I must acknowledge I felt rather proud of myself, until, later in the day, I overheard the Catholics talking among themselves. This was what one of them had to say: "It is easy to understand Father Regan and Father Glass; but *this* priest! I can't understand a word he says."



The missionary set up his Mass kit on an altar made of a plank supported by wooden horses



## MEN OF MARYKNOLL



**Puno tunes in**—Puno, from its lofty perch on the shores of scenic Lake Titicaca, listens in on the radio from Arequipa. Punoenos were strongly impressed by a recent broadcast from the United States.

No, it had nothing to do with Bob Hope, Betty Grable, John L. Lewis, or even the Quiz Kids. It was a statement about the number of soldiers in the United States Army who receive Holy Communion. The broadcast said that 3,000,000 had received Communion on last Easter Sunday.

—Father Raymond C. Hohlfeld,  
of Hastings, Nebraska,  
now in Puno, Peru

**Better than counting ten**—I was angry, and there in front of me, afraid and expectant, stood the culprit. I knew what I wanted to say, the tone I'd use, the gestures that would follow. Instead, my mouth opened, and there was silence. What was the matter with me?

The culprit suddenly smiled. I gazed out the window for a time. What was the use? I grinned back at him. He bowed, still smiling; then departed.

That scolding was over, or was it? I knew all along what the idea was in English; but, for the life of me, I couldn't express it in Chinese. Moral: If you think you know Chinese, just get into an argument!

—Father Cyril V. Hirst,  
of Philadelphia,  
now in Topong, China

**Indian delegation**—The Maryknollers in this little town recently felt a thrill similar to that experienced long ago by Saint Paul, when the Macedonians sent a delegation requesting his presence. A group of Indians from the Sierra came to seek us,

and they wanted us to return with them at once. They told the local bishop that they had already repaired their village church and rectory, in anticipation of our arrival.

We learned from these Indians that witch doctors are still at work among them, and that a week ago the patient of one of these doctors had died.

The Indian governor of their village of *Jesus Maria* had taken matters into his own hands and passed judgment on the *hechicero* (witch doctor).

It had gone hard with the dispenser of magic cures, since the Indian governor had invoked a tribal law of a life for a life.

The civil authorities here are anxious to win the good will of the Indians, and so will be favorably disposed towards our work.

—Father John M. Martin,  
of Milwaukee,  
now in Central America

**Chinese Solomon**—Little Peter, one of our mission boys, lost his dog in a crowd. Someone caught the poodle and claimed it as his own. The crowd took sides, and a merry time was had by all. Then a policeman arrived.

"Little fellow," the policeman said, "you run to that post and, when I tell you, call the dog to you."

Then he ordered the other claimant to go in the opposite direction and do likewise. The two claimants took positions as they were told, while the crowd watched with bated breath.

Finally the policeman gave the signal. The poodle immediately settled the matter for good and all, by running straight to little Peter.

—Father Thomas J. Bauer,  
of Brooklyn,  
now in Yungfu, China

At first it was hard to see any possible connection between the ugly lump of wood and Our Lady.

## ***Journeys with Juan***

by ARTHUR F. ALLIÉ

"WHAT'S going on here?" I asked Juan, my Man Friday, as we rounded a corner of San Michele Street.

Hundreds of Indians were milling around. A huge beam was being dragged up a hill. Three lines of men pulled at the front, with as many straining at the back end of the timber; while others pushed with might and main on poles, to give speed and strength to the job. I counted nine timbers already unloaded. On one side, a crew of five were tamping concrete and stones.

In the States, I'd watched many a construction job being done, but never had I seen anything like this—a fifer

and drummer doing a lively number to make the heaving and pounding go easier. These Indians were building "with a song in their hearts," whatever they were building.

"A house for God," said Juan, whom I sometimes suspect of reading my mind.

As I watched the Indians work, I realized how stupid it would be to try to import big-city architecture into this primitive country, whose towering trees soar to heaven like Gothic spires. It was from such places as this that Gothic lines were imported to our cities.

Juan, without knowing it (or did he know?), dispelled a few more of my big-

city ideas. Bronzed and barefooted, Juan had taken me in hand right after my arrival in Central America. He knew his country and his people, and loved them both. He had made up his mind that I should do likewise.

Juan took me to a village where the blessing of the corn was being held. "No Indian plants corn until the Padre blesses the seed," Juan told me importantly.

We arrived at the

•  
*"We're not going to try to change Pedro into a big-city Americano. We like him the way he is; and so does God"*



church in time to watch a delegation of men and boys from a distant village enter the building, to the welcoming bang of firecrackers. Three times they genuflected and kissed their hands to the tabernacle, before reaching the altar rail.

Baskets of corn were passed over the rail and placed inside the sanctuary, which had previously been carpeted with green, aromatic pine needles. After Mass the seed corn was blessed, and the ceremony ended with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Indians then returned to their village to plant the blessed corn seed.

Juan looked anxiously into my face for approval.

"*Muy bien!*" I answered, smiling.

### ***Our Lady's shrine***

"Now we go up the mountain," he announced.

I haven't yet learned to question Juan's pronouncements. Meekly I followed his brown feet up the stony road. Halfway up we detoured to a side path, and came upon an image crudely carved of wood.

I looked to Juan for enlightenment. "What is it?"

Said Juan, bowing low before the shrine, "The Mother of God."

I stared. It was hard to see any possible connection between this ugly lump of wood and Our Lady. Yet there was

something familiar about the scene. High, old trees crowded this small niche; somewhere water was running down the mountain side. Incredible as it may seem, I thought of Lourdes.

An Indian walked up the narrow path to the shrine. Paying no attention to Juan or to me, he began reciting some kind of prayer. I couldn't make out anything but the words "*Jesus Cristo*" and "*Sacramento*," which the Indian repeated over and over again.

"Why does he keep on saying '*Jesus Cristo*' and '*Sacramento*'?" I wanted to know.

Juan's brow creased in his effort to explain. "Pedro and all his people have never seen a priest. Not even Pedro's grandfather saw one. All Pedro knows about God is the name '*Jesus Cristo*.' He remembers also the word '*Sacramento*.' Pedro is not to blame, Padre."

"Well, Juan, when we missionaries get through with Pedro, he'll know more than just the word '*Sacramento*.' He'll have what the word stands for."

"The Padre will make Pedro pray like the *Americanos*?" queried Juan.

"Not on your life, Juan! The American Padres will teach Pedro all about his Faith—and then let him talk to his *Dios* and the *Madre de Dios* in his own way. We're not going to try to change Pedro into a big-city *Americano*. We like him the way he is. And so does God."

### ***Over two thousand converts***

"Father Daniel P. Bradley, C.S.Sp., pastor of St. Monica's Church for the Colored in Tulsa, Oklahoma, has made more than two thousand converts in his priestly career. So far this year, eighty-three converts have been baptized in St. Monica's parish.

"When the Padre of Oklahoma's Colored people arrived in Tulsa, St. Monica's was an infant parish. The priest has built a new fire-proof church and rectory, on both of which most of the work was done by his parishioners. Father Bradley's school, which will add the tenth grade this fall, is staffed by the Colored Sisters of the Holy Family of New Orleans."

—*The Register*



*Father George M. Carroll, of New York City, was in Korea. He is now director of the Maryknoll house of preparatory studies at Akron, Ohio*

## **"Grounded for the duration"**

by FRANCIS A. MCKAY

OUR home-front missionaries are the ground crews of the Maryknoll apostles "over there." Theirs is the humdrum task of making all safe and secure for the privileged pilots of souls. This is hard for men who have dreamed since youth of apostolic wings; but they know that, without their self-sacrificing labor, the pilots would crash.

The home-front missionaries are "grounded for the duration." Like the men in the services, they do not know how long that "duration" may last.

You're apt to meet the home-front missionary anywhere and everywhere: in the pulpit, in a classroom, in an auditorium in San Francisco, or before a sodality group in the Bronx.

If you were to accompany this home-front missionary on one of his daily tours, all that you would need to take along would be a good sense of humor, a capacity for absorbing surprises, and

a suitcase. The sense of humor and the surprise-absorber would be your weapons, and the suitcase your "hotel."

### **Recruiting for Christ**

Your first stop might be at one of our Catholic high schools, housing, we shall say, about five hundred real, red-blooded American boys. Because of the marvelous coöperation of the Catholic teachers in charge, all is in readiness for our home-front missionary when he arrives. During the introduction, a mutual "sizing up" takes place. Our missionary sees before him a maze of faces, each one different.

The missionary knows that he has to be good, because somewhere in that group sits perhaps one lad in whom the divine vocation awaits the kindling flame. As for the rest of the boys, they must be made to realize that the work of a Catholic priest in some far-off leper

colony, or down in the jungles of Bolivia, is not something foreign to them, but a very vital part of their own lives.

So the home-front missionary's talk must be interesting and entertaining, never bordering on the soporific. With a lot of zeal and a good talk, he can win his way into the hearts of his audience and get the all-important message across.

The main objective, and the greatest consolation for the home-front missionary, is the securing of recruits to man the ranks for Christ in lands white for the harvest. Each missionary detained at home is consoled by the fact that, with every new recruit won for the missions, he multiplies his own puny efforts a thousandfold. For that reason, he is tireless and persistent in his efforts to put his message across to the Catholic youth of America. He knows that the hope of tomorrow's mission harvest lies largely with them.

### **Happy in his job**

In between his constant visits to schools, the home-front missionary is meeting people and talking about the missions. He strives constantly to impress on the minds of each and every individual the great good that Christians can do for the world. For him the command of Christ to "teach all na-

tions" is a vital, living challenge. It is a command that must be carried out at all costs.

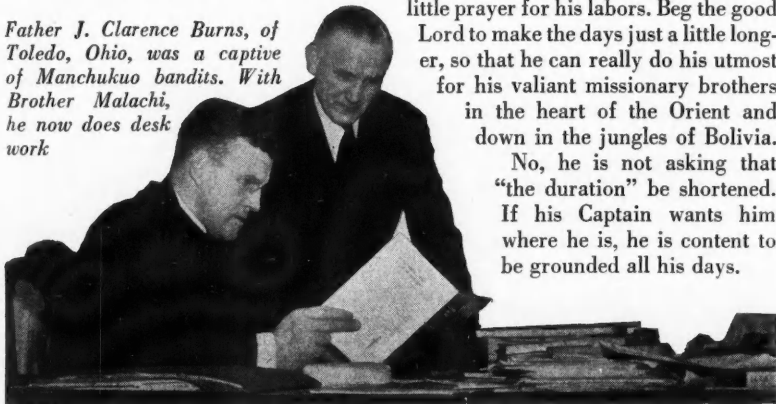
While school work plays a very important part in a missionary's day, it is not everything. He may speak to a study club of the Children of Mary; or visit a clerk behind a cigar-store counter, who is anxious to know a little bit more about "these foreign missions." Or he might drop in to say, "Hello!" to the parents of a prospective candidate for the Seminary. Always and ever he is on the move, looking for opportunities to make the cause of his fellow missionaries in fields afar better known to the world.

Action, day in and day out and even at night, is the lot of the home-front missionary. The workaday layman looks forward with pleasure to the end of the week and its prospect of change and rest from daily occupations. But Sunday is an especially busy time for our "ground crew" man. You are very apt to see him in a pulpit, speaking for Maryknoll in your church. Just to keep himself in trim for the week ahead, he distributes pencils and envelopes around the pews, in between his talks.

Of course the priest would rather be on the mission field: that is the reason he joined Maryknoll. But he is busy with a thousand items and happy in his job. All that he asks is that you say a little prayer for his labors. Beg the good Lord to make the days just a little longer, so that he can really do his utmost for his valiant missionary brothers in the heart of the Orient and down in the jungles of Bolivia.

No, he is not asking that "the duration" be shortened. If his Captain wants him where he is, he is content to be grounded all his days.

*Father J. Clarence Burns, of Toledo, Ohio, was a captive of Manchukuo bandits. With Brother Malachi, he now does desk work*





*Each Chinese "warphan" wears a numbered tag, carrying information which may make it possible for his parents, if they are still living, later to identify the child*

## Warphans

by THOMAS J. MALONE

"DO you think there is any chance for us, *Shen Fu*? How can we overcome such a powerful enemy? If we were only as strong as your beautiful country!" said twelve-year-old, ardent Ah Ching, one of a group of "warphans" fleeing from Hong Kong on the long journey to Chungking, far in the interior of China.

### *China and America*

The Warphanage of which he was a member was just in the path of an invading Japanese army that had threatened to storm Hong Kong in the summer of 1940. Frantic efforts had been made to evacuate the Warphanage's four hundred children before the onslaught came.

"But America wasn't always strong," I answered the discouraged Ah Ching and his companions, as we trudged along.

I told them how George Washington

spent a terrible winter at Valley Forge when the outlook seemed desperate; how he had been seen to kneel in the snow and pray for strength and courage to keep up the morale of his half-clothed, half-starved troops; how, strengthened by his reliance on Divine Providence and the justice of his cause, he whipped up the spirit of his soldiers, crossed the Delaware amid ice floes, and made the successful raid that turned the tide of the Revolutionary War. As I spoke, several of the older boys kept nodding their heads, and their faces lighted up, as they recalled incidents they had read about in the classes conducted at the Warphanage.

"The Father of our country sought God's help in discouragement," I continued. "But so did the Father of your noble country, Dr. Sun Yat-sen."

"That's right!" exclaimed Ah Ching. "I must try to pray, too. Do you think you could teach me, *Shen Fu*?" This



little fellow, deprived so cruelly of his earthly father, was particularly in need of the knowledge and love of his Heavenly Father.

Just then the sound of planes was heard, and we all threw ourselves in the deep grass that bordered the mountain path, until the danger had passed. Some of the little fellows—their ages ran from eight to sixteen—were tiring, as we made our way slowly over the rough mountain trail under a blistering July

sun. Each “warphan” carried his own little pack and blanket. Brother Thaddeus and I tried to relieve them of their burdens, but they sturdily refused aid until they were scarcely able to stagger along.

“Will America help us, also, to preserve our freedom?” asked one little patriot.

“Of course!” I assured them. “It may be necessary in time for America to go to war, too, if powerful nations do

*The “warphans” of China have made treks of over a thousand miles into the interior*

*In the Warphanages the further education of the little ones is not neglected (below)*



not respect the rights of weaker ones."

"Some day China will be great and will help America to protect the weak!" exclaimed one of the boys; and they all chorused, "Yes, sir!"

And so the miles of stony path slipped by quickly, and the children became more spirited as we compared America and China. It was surprising to see their acquaintance with American history and their eagerness to learn more.

Dusk was falling as we neared the spot on the river where we were to bivouac, this first night out from the Warphanage. The younger children were dog-tired. The fifteen-mile hike over the stony, mountainous path and the fear of running into a pillaging party of Japanese had worn them out. But now the danger was over, and the older boys hurried ahead to make preparations for supper. The children had had nothing since dawn but a few crackers and water from a mountain torrent. But there had been no whimpering or complaining. They were all little soldiers.

The older boys built fires, and the rice gruel was soon steaming. A bowl of this and a few pieces of bean curd were most welcome. Then we sat around the fires in groups, singing and telling stories. Pretty soon the little lads bundled up in their blankets and slept on the lush grass of the river bank. Brother Thaddeus and I joined the older boys, spreading our blankets on the clean sand.

The next morning, before sunrise, boats appeared to fetch us; and the children were off down the river, on the second leg of their long journey to Chungking. They stopped the next night at the Catholic Mission of Waichow, where they had the mission buildings put at their disposal. Food and medicines were also provided.

On this long trek of over a thousand miles, only one child was lost. That happened on a small boat going up the

East River at flood time. A sharp turn caused the boat to list, and the youngster toppled into the water and was carried away by the swift current before he could be rescued.

### **Madame Chiang and Madame Li**

All over Free China, Madame Chiang has instituted her orphanages. It is estimated that, of the fifty million war refugees, two million are children. Of these, thirty thousand are cared for in Madame Chiang's Warphanages. Three hundred thousand have been registered, and will be sheltered as soon as sufficient funds for the erection and maintenance of new Warphanages reach China. The orphanages are well conducted in spite of the handicaps caused by the long war. Each "warphan" is numbered, as you see in the accompanying picture. Whatever information can be secured is recorded under his number, in the hope that some day his parents, if they are still living, may be able to identify him.

Madame Li, wife of the highly esteemed Governor of Kwangtung Province, has emulated Madame Chiang and organized a Warphan Association for Kwangtung, with its central orphanage at Shiukwan, the wartime capital of the Province.

Catholic missionaries are doing what they can to lighten the burden of these noble women. Father Robert Greene visits the big camp outside of Kweilin City, taking medicine and food to the needy, many of whom are children. Father Paul Duchesne is taking care of a group of orphans at Fachow. He is limiting himself to two scant meals a day, so that he may share part of his meager supplies with his orphans.

Wherever the Catholic missionary is, there is a potential "Boys' Town." That is not surprising, for the Great Missioner set the tradition when He said: "*Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.*"



*Maryknoll's Bishop Escalante, Vicar Apostolic of Pando, Bolivia, surrounded by seminarians who fire questions about his South American mission territory*

## **They dream of tomorrow**

**W**HENEVER a veteran missionary returns to Maryknoll, he is immediately surrounded by a group of eager seminarians, who fire questions at him with lightning-like rapidity. They dream of tomorrow and of carrying the saving message of Christ to all men.

For each seminarian the time will come when he will turn away from home and march into the tomorrow that has become today. Each year new groups of missionaries go forth from Maryknoll. That they are able to arrive at their missions is due only to the generosity of our friends who, through their sacrifices

and assistance, enable these young apostles to reach their goals.

Today our latest group of missionaries (bringing the Latin-American departants to 81) is on its way. The dream of tomorrow is at last becoming a reality. For each missionary, Maryknoll must find \$500 for fare and equipment. It is a small sum to invest in tomorrow.

*The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, P.O., N. Y.*

I am interested in helping to send your latest group of missionaries to the fields afar. Enclosed find \$..... towards the \$500 needed for each of them.

My name .....

My address .....

## ***Friends in the Service***

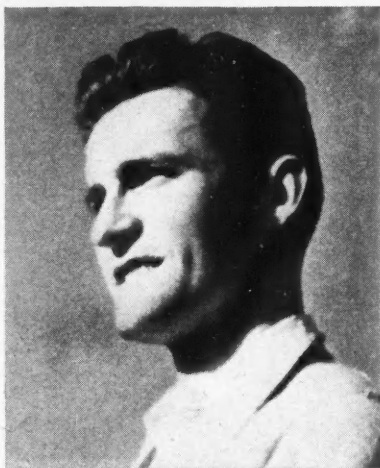
ONE of the first Americans to enter Sicily was a Maryknoll friend of long standing, Lieutenant Francis E. Hayes, of Yonkers, New York. For his exploits Frank was awarded the Air Medal, and honorary membership in one of Britain's famous regiments. He was also granted permission to wear the Royal Air Force wings, in addition to his own American Air Force insignia.

While a student at Niagara University, Frank learned to fly under the Civilian Aeronautics Authority program. He joined the Army as a private, on July 16, 1941, hoping to become a fighter pilot. Instead he was assigned to the newly organized Glider Training Detachment at Mobile, Alabama. He graduated from the training course with the wings of an Army Air Force Glider pilot and the rank of staff sergeant.

Because of his ability for leadership and his initiative, Sergeant Hayes was sent for further training and commissioned a second lieutenant in the Glider Corps last November. He was assigned to his battle station in North Africa the following month. Then followed rigorous training in preparation for the Sicily invasion and future operations.

Lieutenant Hayes piloted one of the huge gliders which landed on Sicily twelve hours before the actual A.E.F. sea-borne invasion. He carried in British Commandos, and had volunteered for the risky task.

The young officer was captured the following day by Italian garrison troops and imprisoned in a fort. That night the fort was shelled by one of the main Allied armies. When Allied soldiers finally stormed the garrison, they found



*Lieutenant Francis E. Hayes, of Yonkers, New York, was one of the first Americans to enter Sicily*

Lieutenant Hayes waiting to receive them.

### ***Wings and a prayer***

A young captain in the Army Air Force recently returned, on a well-earned furlough, to his home in Springfield, Massachusetts. He has won about every decoration possible, because of his meritorious conduct in the South Pacific. He told about the missioners there. Although the captain does not want us to mention his name, his words are worth repeating.

"We soldiers," he said, "are very grateful to the missioners who have gone into the Pacific Islands and civilized the natives. Many an American soldier has been saved by these natives after he had been lost in the jungle."

When this same young captain was addressing a large group of employees in Springfield, he was asked to tell his part in the famous episode, "Coming in on a wing and a prayer."

The captain proudly confessed to his audience that it was through no skill of his own he had brought the badly dam-

aged plane safely back to its base. "It was only by the grace of God," he concluded.

The captain is a modest boy, of the stuff from which heroes are made.

### **Mosquito Junction**

From Mosquito Junction, somewhere in India, Corporal Victor Boselovic writes in to tell us of a warm welcome accorded the Maryknoll magazine. Even before the mailman had delivered the magazine to the corporal, two fellow soldiers had come up and asked to be "next" on its reading list.

"We must travel about thirty miles to attend Mass on Sunday," the corporal adds. "The traveling to and fro is a job in itself, since even a snake would have a hard time journeying over the road we use."

### **By comparison**

Sergeant De John is tail gunner on a Flying Fortress that has seen a lot of action over Germany. The tail gunner is not ashamed to admit that his prayers have been frequent and fervent while he was flying.

"You can't pray when action starts," he explains. "There's nothing slow about those Germans and you have to keep moving. But, boy, you certainly

do a lot of praying before and after!

"Saint Joseph's is my parish church in Birmingham, and I used to think I was a pretty good Catholic. But since I have been in the Army, my religion has meant more to me than it ever did before. By comparison with the way I feel now, I guess I didn't pay enough attention to religion in civilian life."

### **Five in the service**

A service flag with five stars hangs in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Byrne, of Arlington, Massachusetts. Their daughter and four of their sons are in the armed forces of the United States.

The daughter, Lieutenant Leona Byrne, of the Army Nurse Corps, wrote to Maryknoll as follows:

"My day for leaving for foreign soil is very near. Today I made my final allotments. In my small way, I should like to do my part in aiding the splendid work that the Maryknoll Fathers are accomplishing. So, until further notice, five dollars a month will be sent to you.

"It would be a comforting thought if I could know while I am over there that I shall be included in your prayers. Would you be so kind as to remember also Mother and Dad? Besides myself, they have four sons in the service."

*Mass under the palm trees of an island "somewhere in the Pacific"*



A story of how the wrong village turned out to be the right village in the end.

## ***The wrong village***

by H. E. CRAIG, S.J.

**"HURRY in!"** called Monsignor Romaniello. "A bowl of hot rice is waiting for you."

Father Greene needed no second urging. It was October, South China's rainy season, and a bitter wind from the northeast was driving across Kweilin.

The Monsignor was leading Father Greene to his steaming rice bowl, when a knock sounded on the front door. Outside, the watery moonlight revealed a Chinese farmer.

"Cheung, the father of Stephen and John in Pai Sha Village, is very sick," said the messenger.

### ***The child messenger***

The farmer was not returning that night to Pai Sha, so Father Greene started out alone. As the priest felt his way along the slippery path between the rice fields, he suddenly found himself thinking of a refugee he had noticed that morning in the dispensary. "I ought to have made time to talk to him," he pondered unhappily. "The man looked as if he wanted human consolation even more than medicine. Now, perhaps, he will not come again."

The outskirts of the village appeared. In the narrow alleys, the moon gave little light, and the priest was unable to find Mr. Cheung's house. Twice he walked through the street where he had expected to find it. Then the truth dawned on him: he had come to the wrong village.

Annoyed with himself, Father Greene began to retrace his way to the main road. Sudden, light footfalls halted him, and he turned to see a young boy emerge from the shadows.

"There is a sick man in the house up at the corner," said the child, in a tone of compelling urgency.

Before the missionary could ask any questions, the messenger had passed on, as quickly as he had come. Father Greene went to the house indicated. On the bed lay the refugee he had seen that morning in the dispensary.

The missionary asked the sufferer if he knew anything of the Catholic Faith. There was no reply, but the eloquent eyes besought the priest. Father Greene spoke a few careful words of preparation. Then he baptized the refugee.

Before leaving the village, the Maryknoller roused some of the Catholics, who promised to look after the newly baptized man.

Once back on the main road, Father Greene soon discovered how he had made the wrong turning, and he reached Mr. Cheung's village in a very short time. Mr. Cheung had been stricken in exactly the same way as the refugee. Father Greene gave him the Last Sacraments and then returned to Kweilin.

The next morning he went to visit the two sick men. Mr. Cheung was on the road to recovery. In the other village, the refugee lay dead.

An old Catholic lady watched beside him. The missionary told her of the strange way in which he had been summoned.

"Are you quite certain, Mrs. Chan, that the refugee had no son in the village?" he asked.

"Surely, I am certain. He was all alone here . . ." She paused, then nodded her head. "God has His own messengers," she added softly.



## "DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY"

IN MANY American homes the proud blue service star has turned to gold. His clothes still hang in the closet. His battered roadster is in the garage, and every morning Rex leaps with fresh hope and wildly wagging tail into the sagging seat. But the warrior has gone west.

Not in the calm evening of a full day, but just as his manhood had begun. The hearts of those who mourn him are heavy with the thoughts of all that might have been.

Yet not all is sorrow in those gold-star homes, because love and faith are stronger than death. God, Who is Love, has vanquished death; and we, His children, share in the everlasting immortal victory.

The absent father, or husband, or son was called to the plenitude of life. He was called to share in the redeeming Passion of Christ, which continues its suffering and glory in our humanity. He may not have been able to express it very clearly; but he left all he held dear to "make the world a better place to live in," to help others.

There was no frustration in a life so filled with the Christ-life that it gave itself for others. There was rather a splendor of generosity that carried the warrior pure and strong into the joy of his Lord.

His story is written on the gold-star banner for all to read. The blue service star of his toil, sweat, and tears; the red of his life's blood; the white of the Host in which he was sacrificed with Christ; and the gold of sunrise in the Kingdom of God.



# MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



## ***Send a Man***

ALL SORTS of postwar worlds are now being proposed; and the missionaries of the Church, like all true friends of humanity, are deeply interested in the proposals. But their interest becomes tinged with anxiety as they note the character of the proposals.

That anybody should be found today seriously engaged in advocating the old tried and true recipes, which have never succeeded in keeping mankind out of trouble since Adam delved and Eve span, may well be occasion for surprise. Yet here they are again, trotting out the famous cure-alls: education, science, trade, one or another phase of secular progress—all the partial prescriptions that have promised the world peace for so long and are forever breaking their promises so disappointingly.

The people have been let down too often. They know where peace lies at last, and they want the justice and morality that will establish it. They want no more plans of men. They want the plan of God.

## ***Division of labor***

The conversion and sanctification of every man, woman, and child in the world is the will of God and the aim of the Church; but it is not the particular purpose of mission work as such. This explains why missionaries spread their efforts over the globe before that final

objective is realized in any given locality. Mission work does not envisage converting the world, for the Church itself as a whole must do that. It merely attempts to carry out the first essential phase of evangelization by establishing the Church, and thus putting it in a position to get on with the larger task.

Even a fully established Church will not necessarily convert everybody within its ambit, because all men have free will. So the Church does not wait until every soul in the shadow of the cathedral has been given the same Faith, but reaches out all over the place to give every other soul the same opportunity. To introduce the Church where it did not exist before; to make it widely known; to expose its claims; to develop its basic functions, so that it may present a true picture of itself in action; and to institute a clergy to perpetuate it—these are the proper aims of mission work. Mission work only sets the stage, leaving it to God, the Church, grace, time, and free will to ring down the curtain on the grand finale.

## ***Good press***

Missioners have a good press nowadays, and perhaps they have earned it; for this can only have come about through the wider and more accurate understanding of their value that is one small by-product of the global war. As interest focuses on the war-torn corners where the missionaries work, and as men increasingly find the seeds of

this and other wars in the ill-regulated lives of the people among whom the missionaries work, there is a growing tendency to wish for armies of apostles to do more and better work. All to the good, but nothing to excite ourselves about; for fashions change quickly in these public ripples of thought. We still remember the centuries of misunderstanding and misrepresentation that classified us as the great trouble-making busybodies of the world.

We have learned that people tend to diagnose world trends and troubles in the light of their own interests. Meanwhile the missionaries continue to bring Christ to the people; and if the ship-owners and oil sellers think their own activities contribute more to the peace of the world, we can only smile and add the strange theory to our growing store of knowledge about human nature. We welcome a good press—but we are never surprised at a bad one.

### ***A program***

If the principles of Christ will make a peaceful and happy world, and if the world itself is at last prepared to try them—convinced against its reluctant will by the appalling miseries of endemic total war—then let us lose no time in carrying those principles around the world. Let us hasten to give them to the people, and to spend our lives to see that they are made available to all our brothers in the human family everywhere. This is the program the missionaries of the Catholic Church have set for themselves.

### ***The noises of war***

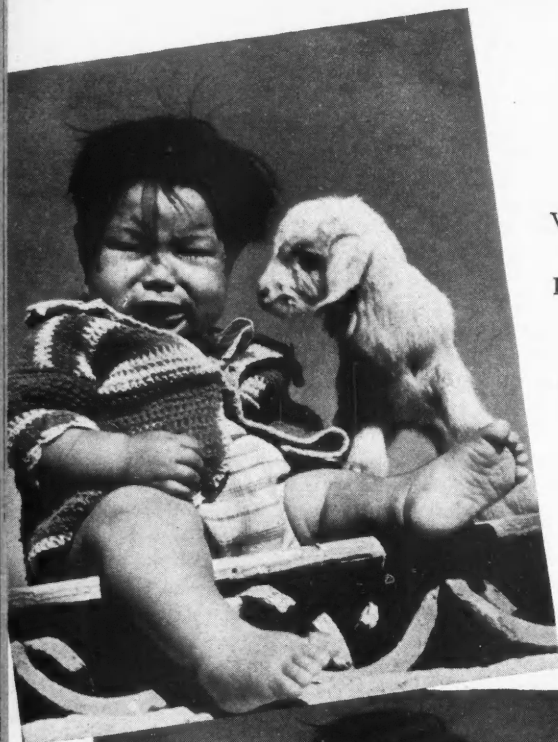
A friend in that land of ideas we know as Mexico has written a poem with an unpoetic title. He calls it "The

Small Noises of War." It has its own eloquence, however. It celebrates the victory of our military arms in the present conflict, anticipating the dawn of blessed peace, foretasting the universal joy that will attend that happy consummation, and describing in detail the tremendous jubilation that will shake the land to signalize the end of war. Then, as that chorus of joyful celebration rises to the skies, bells will resound and trumpets will blare; there will be music in the air, and the welkin will ring with the ocean of festive sound that releases the pent-up emotions of a people exulting in peace restored. These are the large noises of victory.

The poem then speaks of the small noises of war, that are so likely to be disregarded and drowned out and forgotten in the universal paean of joy; and it goes on to insist that they should not be forgotten. These less-spectacular noises include such things as the dying whisper of the soldier in the jungle, which is heard only by God, the whine of the bullet and the swish of the bayonet, the blood gurgling from the wounds of stricken bodies, the dancing of tiny ants on the flesh of dead men, the groans of humanity under the bombs, the wailing of starving babes, the mourning of mothers for the sons that never returned, the curses of men and the tears of women—the whole chorus of human misery that accompanied the long years of war, crying to Heaven its story of the broken lives of millions of people.

"Gentlemen of the peace table," concludes the poem, "when you sit down to regulate what is left of the shattered world, do not let the large noises of victory prevent you from hearing the small noises of war. Make a peace that will give us a world in which these things can never happen again."

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



## OPPORTUNITY

When Carlo felt unhappy and  
a little apathetic,  
His woolly lamb responded and  
was duly sympathetic.

At times they watched strange  
men approach  
(A very dangerous custom);  
But if the strangers smiled  
and spoke,  
It showed that you  
could trust 'em.





One day a nice old man walked by  
and smiled a lovely greeting.  
He specified that they'd grow up;  
In fact, said, "Time's a-fleeting."

"The avocation," said the man, "that  
each young man adopts  
"Will make of Carlo, President;  
Of Woolly Lamb, lamb chops!"





*The ruined city of Machu Picchu was built by the Incas of Peru, probably two thousand years ago. It is situated on a lofty mountain ridge, surrounded by precipices*

## ***Cradle of the Incas***

by ARTHUR E. BROWN

ONE of the most wonderful ruined cities in the world clings to a mountaintop in an almost inaccessible region of the Peruvian highlands, sixty miles north of Cuzco. When Machu Picchu was discovered by Professor Hiram Bingham, of Yale University, in 1911, it was buried under vegetation and had been lost for so many generations that no one except a few local Indians was aware of its existence.

Machu Picchu was built by the Incas, probably two thousand years ago. It is on a narrow ridge, hemmed in by sheer precipices, two thousand feet above the Urubamba River and seven thousand feet above the sea.

The river, far below, looks like a toy stream; but the rhythmic roar of its rapids is distinctly audible in the thin air of the now-silent city. The Urubamba canyon, with the many-hued jungle vegetation of its lower slopes, its stupendous precipices, and its snow-capped peaks outlined against the blue of tropic skies, is of inexpressible grandeur. The ancient Incas certainly

knew how to pick their building sites.

Machu Picchu contains the ruins of about two hundred white granite structures. It has palaces, temples, shrines, baths, fountains, and many stairways. Only a people of extraordinary ability could have reared and fitted with such marvelous precision the great stone blocks of Machu Picchu's edifices and fortifications. Those ancient builders had no steel implements—only stone hammers and wedges.

### ***City of refuge***

Machu Picchu, defended by nature, strong walls, and a moat, was evidently invulnerable. Dr. Bingham believes it to be the city called Tampu-tocco in ancient Peruvian chronicles. This city was built by the Incas after an invasion of peoples east of the Andes had laid Cuzco waste. Only after five hundred years did the Peruvian monarchy again descend from the mountaintop, march on Cuzco, and begin the conquest and organization of the great Inca Empire destroyed by the Spaniards in 1533.



Tampu-tocco means "Window Tavern," and one of the chief ruins at Machu Picchu is the "Temple of the Three Windows." An ancient Peruvian legend relates that the Incas set out through these three windows to reconquer Cuzco and found their empire.

Exploration in the vicinity of the ruined city has revealed a number of Inca roads leading to Machu Picchu, with outlying fortifications and settlements. Machu Picchu was unquestionably at one time the center of a densely populated region.

### **The Creator-God**

On a hill rising out of the city is a lovely little temple. Behind it is a stone carved as a sundial. The Inca word for this stone is *intihuataana*, or "place to which the sun is tied."

At dawn, the High Priest of the Sun climbed the stairway leading from the city to this sacred hilltop. He was followed by the consecrated Virgins of the Sun, by the chief warriors in their armor of polished bronze plates, and by noblemen in finely woven vicuña wool tunics. Below, standing in the Sacred Plaza, the citizens waited for him to worship the rising sun.

The priest mounted the stone platform in front of the altar and fixed his gaze on the eastern horizon. The stars were paling over the opposite summits,

and an opalescent glow was reaching up into the deep blue of the firmament. In the chill air, the people shivered, longing for the life-giving warmth of their god.

Then, in incredible splendor, the daily miracle took place. The priest in his flame-colored robes lifted his face to the red disk, the white veils of the Virgins of the Sun shone with dazzling purity, and a gold plaque behind the altar reflected the glory of the "Bright God." In the Plaza the people lay prostrate in adoration.

For many moments the High Priest remained in contemplation, and the citizens were glad that they had such a holy leader. Yet, had they known it, the holy man was seeing beyond the sunrise. He was thinking that the sun's radiance can be dimmed by any passing cloud.

"There must exist an everlasting, immutable Light, from which the sun, the moon, the stars, and life itself were kindled," he said to himself. "*Viracocha*, the Creator-God."

The people, he thought, would not be able to understand this doctrine. But they were hard-working, faithful, and unselfish. The Creator-God was merciful, and He would not mind if these simple ones adored merely His shining vesture. Even His robe was too splendid for poor human eyes to gaze upon.

### **"This War Is the Passion"**

"The whole human race is one with Christ—not merely the people of London, of England, but all people everywhere. The wonder of this stirs the mind that is not utterly dead, with new sacrificial life, as the hidden green shoots stir the dark earth with new springs.

"We want to reach out to Him all over the world, in Poland, Finland, Holland, Siberia, France—and, yes, in Germany. But we are too small. We cannot even reach those who live in our own town, or only a very few of them. Indeed, there is only one person who can answer this tremendous challenge of Christ suffering in man: that is Christ Himself."

—Frances Caryll Houselander



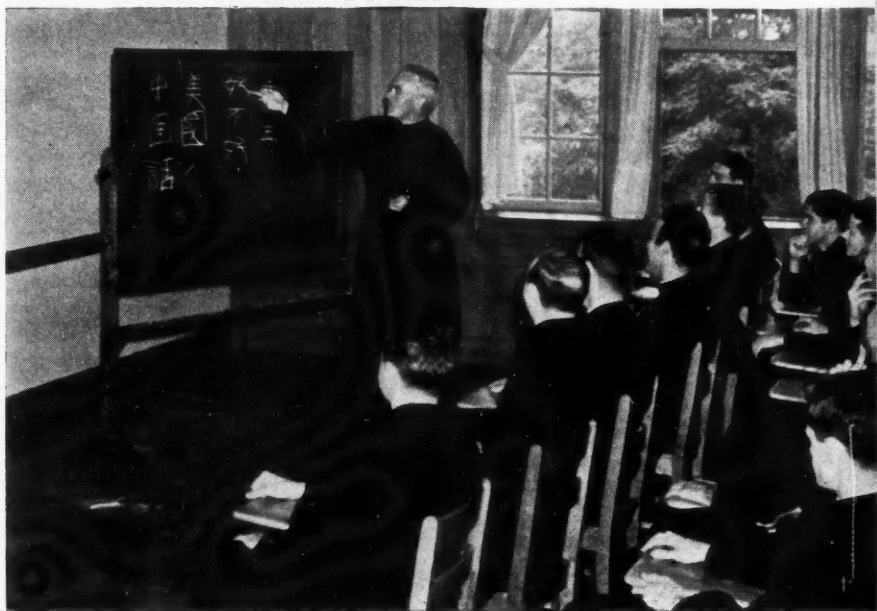
***As evening's shadows*** lengthen, Maryknoll seminarians pace up and down the cloister, reciting their Rosary. Many are the intentions of their prayers these days. They remember benefactors, brothers and sisters in the armed services, fellow Maryknollers working in the front lines of the missions; and they ask God for more recruits for the army of Christ.



### YESTERDAY

THINGS have changed since Father Anthony Cotta (*above*), dressed in Oriental garb to enhance atmosphere, came into a makeshift classroom to fascinate Maryknollers by his beautiful Chinese characters. Today the same language, taught by Father Thomas Ray, formerly of Peabody, Massachusetts, finds a larger group of students, in modern and bright surroundings.

### TODAY



## **Voices of the hilltops**

by JAMES A.

FLAHERTY

TRAVELERS tell us of the muez-zin's chant, calling to prayer from some slender minaret up in the blazing African sky; of drums throbbing a mysterious summons to worship in the Congo; of Far Eastern pagoda gongs, clanging their monotonous reminder. But I have never thrilled to any of these tales as I have to the voices of our Bolivian hilltops.

There is, for example, the voice of Tomaso, a smiling ragamuffin of an Indian boy, who constituted himself my interpreter.

Our little chapel in Villa Victoria, on the outskirts of La Paz, is still roofless; but the Indians are hard at work, making the red tiles which will be the building's crowning glory. Each Sunday we go about the parish, ringing a bell to summon the Indians to Mass. Tomaso introduced himself to me when he begged the privilege of serving as bell ringer in my stead.

"Did I not see you out in front of the church, playing marbles during Mass, last Sunday?" I queried. "Surely you do not think a boy who misses Mass



*Tomaso begged the privilege of ringing a little bell up and down the streets, to summon the Indians to Mass*

should be allowed to ring the bell?"

He did not deny the accusation, or attempt to dispute the justice of his punishment. He simply kept on following me on my rounds.

As, in my faulty Spanish, I urged our derby-topped parishioners to go to Mass, Tomaso translated my words into Aymara. Liquid eloquence rolled from his eager tongue, as he told his stolid listeners of the necessity of hearing the Mass.

The boyish voice of that ragged apostle brought us our first large congregation of Aymara Indians.

### **Indian prayer call**

Then there is the voice of Carlos, mayor of an Indian village perched like an eagle's nest at the summit of a sheer cliff. I shall not attempt to spell the

name of this hamlet until I am a little more familiar with the Aymara tongue, but it made a vivid impression on me. Overgrown with vegetation near by is an ancient ruin, its tremendous blocks of building stone recalling the glory of the Incas.

Carlos, a smiling, tousle-haired Indian with the fine, strong features of his race, gave me a glad welcome.

"It is so long since a Padre has been here," he told me. "We have almost forgotten how the Mass is said. There are people in some other villages on the neighboring hills who will want to attend the Mass. I will summon them this evening."

The little priestless chapel was evidently well cared for, and I noticed a great bunch of lovely mountain flowers

before the statue of the *Madre de Dios*.

As I was reading my Vespers in the clean little room the Indians had prepared for me, I heard a beautiful baritone voice ringing out in the clear mountain air. I went to my window and saw a figure outlined against the sunset on the crest of the hill. It was Carlos, chanting the Indian church call.

So his ancestors must have stood on the hilltops, sounding the call to war or to some Aymara festival. But now the summons was glad and sweet, rather than wild. It told of the approach of the Beloved, "leaping upon the mountains, skipping over the hills."

Each hour the beautiful chant was repeated. As I dozed off to sleep in the cold mountain air, the lonely baritone voice still resounded over the hills.

## Chinese literature

by MAURICE F. AHERN

THE EYES of the world are on China during these days of her long and heroic struggle for national existence.

Many things about the land of the four hundred millions are being brought to light. One of the most important revelations concerns the literature of this ancient people.

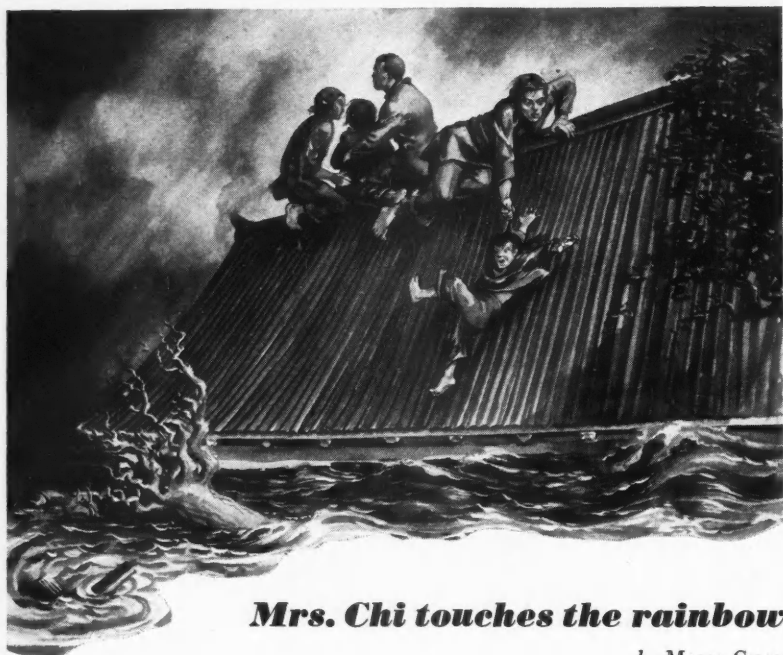
Confucius, the most famous of China's ancient writers, was born in the year 551 B.C. He compiled his works from ancient writings which had been handed down from countless generations. If many sayings of Confucius seem extremely Christian in their phraseology and philosophy, it must be remembered that in all probability he used the same sources from which all Catholic philosophy and theology spring; namely, the laws and the commandments of God.

To experts in historical research, it is a matter of common knowledge that the foundation of the cities in the

Yangtze River Valley can be traced back to the days of the great tribal dispersions. Is it then too much to assume that the peoples of these cities had brought with them, in their migrations from the cradle lands of humanity, the principles of God's laws?

Catholic ideas appeared briefly in Chinese literature during the time when the Jesuit missionaries were in favor at court in the sixteenth century. Relentless persecution, however, soon extinguished the Christian influence.

Today Catholic writers and artists are once more coming to the fore in China. It is not too much to expect that in the near future Catholic literature, written by Chinese masters, will accomplish its work of instructing and edifying China's millions. It will also serve as a help to the peoples of the Western countries, in the universal need to return to the gospel of Christ and the principles of His peace.



## ***Mrs. Chi touches the rainbow***

by MALIA CHAN

"**H**OLD on tight, children!" Mrs. Chi shouted above the howling wind. "If you let go, there can be no hope of rescue."

There was very little hope in any case. Rain still fell in sheets from the sullen sky, and the swirling waters almost touched the lower edge of the curved, sloping roof. Uprooted trees, dead animals, and human bodies drifted by.

The mother and the four children had been clinging all night to the rooftop of the Chis' Chinese farmhouse. Two hours ago the day had made an attempt to dawn; but the low, black sky, the whistling wind, and the muddy waters had won. It was still almost as dark as night. Mrs. Chi began to vision, etched in sharp outlines against the blackness, memory pictures out of past years.

\* \* \*

She was a young girl again on her

father's farm. He and her brothers were laughing at her because she had chased a rainbow, hoping to touch it. Their teasing was affectionate. She was an only daughter and was loved by all her menfolk.

Then she saw her husband and herself bending over their first-born. With the years, A Yat had grown into a manly boy, who called forth all her devotion. A later vision showed her Maida and Taki added to the family circle. Both were now pretty and affectionate girls.

With the next memory picture, Me-me ("Small Sister") appeared, and suddenly all the warmth was gone from Mrs. Chi's heart. A weight was there, as bitter and cold as the surrounding tempest.

Me-me had been brought to the Chi farmhouse late one evening. Mr. Chi said he felt himself obliged to give the



child shelter. The rest of her family had perished in an enemy bombing, and the baby's father had been Mr. Chi's closest friend. Me-me would help in the household duties as she grew older, the farmer said apologetically.

Mrs. Chi saw the American missionary come to the farm the following day. The priest's piercing blue eyes had seemed to look right through her. She had been frightened until she had discovered that they were the kindest eyes she had ever known. The missionary was dead now. Strange, that one so young and vital should be dead. Well, her husband was dead, too; murdered by the enemy.

The American *Shen Fu* had shown her a picture of the Blessed Virgin, standing with Saint John at the foot of the Cross.

"What would have happened to us all if the Mother of Christ had had room in her heart for only her own Beloved Son?" he had asked. "I expect your mother love to be like Mary's, great enough to draw this little stranger in."

Mrs. Chi had wanted to do as the *Shen Fu* said. But the new baby was unlovably strange and silent. Me-me was five now, and Mrs. Chi could not recall that "Small Sister" had ever made one gesture of childish confidence or affection. Ever since Me-me had been brought to the farm, everything had gone wrong: the death of their water buffalo, successive failures of the rice crop, the slaying of Mr. Chi by the Japanese, and, lastly, this terrible flood.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Chi peered through the driving rain at Me-me, who was nearest to her

on the ridge. "Small Sister" started slightly. The movement was enough to loosen the grip of the numbed, weary little hands. Me-me slipped and began to slide down the roof. Instinctively, Mrs. Chi reached over and grabbed one of the little girl's braids.

The moments that followed were filled with terrible indecision, Mrs. Chi had only to let go, and there would be one mouth less to feed. Luck would surely change for the rest of them, if Me-me were gone. Slowly the woman's fingers slackened their grip.

At that instant, she heard distinctly out of the surrounding blackness the voice of the dead *Shen Fu*. It said, with the belief and confidence in her of three years ago, "I expect your mother love to be like Mary's, great enough to draw this little stranger in."

Mrs. Chi pulled Me-me upwards with all her strength. When the trembling little figure was beside her, she hugged it to her breast with fierce, repentant tenderness. As she did so, the clouds parted and a misty sunbeam came through.

A Yat cried out, "Mother, a rainbow! Your hand is touching it!"

Mrs. Chi could not feel the rainbow with her hand, but its radiance was in her heart. For "Small Sister" was laughing up into her face and holding tightly one of her fingers.

Now it was Maida's turn to exclaim. "Mother, look over there!"

The other end of the rainbow was shining on a flock of rescue boats. One with glowing sails, beautiful as a bird of paradise, was gliding straight towards the Chi family.

#### **A nurse's conversion**

A registered nurse who has served at the Ossining Hospital for twenty years . . . said that she was converted to the Catholic religion through the kindness and patience of the Maryknoll Sisters:

"Many of the Maryknoll Sisters preparing for their mission work would spend six months finishing their training here. They were interested in the sick, kind, patient, and courageous."

—Ossining Citizen-Register



*"We rode off, in chairs mounted on the men's shoulders"*

## ***"In journeyings often"***

by SISTER MARY CHRISTELLA FUREY,  
of Omaha, Nebraska

WITH the proviso that we should not stay in Hong Kong, Sister Eucharista and I were released last January from the Stanley Internment Camp. We were the last Sisters to leave the camp.

Under the careful surveillance of Mr. Yamashita, we were taken on a public bus to the Foreign Office. Then a lorry conveyed us to the go-down where our baggage was stored. There we met Sister Clement. Our next trek was to the Macao boat, from which we saw Hong Kong for the last time.

In Macao Sister Paul and Sister Patricia were at the wharf to greet us. We went by ricksha to the overcrowded orphanage entrusted to the care of the refugee Maryknoll Sisters in Macao.

There Sister Patricia served us a sup-

per deserving special mention. Seeing real white potatoes and chicken at the same time was like a pleasant dream, but tasting them was a more-than-pleasant reality. We sat long at the festive board, and talked to our hearts' content.

That night Sister Eucharista's bed proved to be the refectory table. I drew the top story of a "double decker." Sister Clement, below me, admonished me a number of times not to fall on her. Sleep came, and morning peeped in much too soon.

At half past ten, Sisters Paul, Clement, Eucharista, Henrietta Marie, and I bade farewell to the others and boarded the Kwangchowwan boat.

At Kwangchowwan we received definite word of our destinations. Sister

Eucharista was to go to Loting, Sister Henrietta Marie to Wuchow, and the rest of us were to go on to Kweilin.

After an early Mass, we set off for the China Travel Agency, which had been placed in charge of the arrangements for our six-day trip by chair to Watlam. It was amusing to note the expressions of the carriers' faces, as we were assigned to the various chairs.

The more portly of us were assigned three carriers, while the rest managed with two. We were viewed from every angle, picked up, tested, and grunted over. I was considered bad joss, for in addition to myself and my bag, I had two thermos bottles!

By noon we were on our way—only to have our day's journey finish by two o'clock at Sui Kai. We tried urging, coaxing, cajoling, and bossing the coolies into going on; but they were adamant. We had to bow to the inevitable and break our journey there.

**"I don't know what!"**

Then began the first of my experiences with Chinese hotels. I had heard many detrimental stories about Chinese hotels, so I was prepared for I don't know what. This was a good thing, for the Sui Kai hotel could be compared only to—I don't know what! Maybe it might have been worse. At least the rats

stayed away from our room; and the light was so dim, we couldn't see the bugs our instincts told us were there.

That night, too, we were visited by the Chinese police. With a great show of light issuing from paper lanterns and a great deal of banging at our doors, they announced their presence. As our journey progressed, we discovered that nine o'clock at night seemed to be a favorite visiting hour with the police.

Their tactics were the same in each place: much noise, much shouting, insisting on seeing passports, turning them this way and that in a vain endeavor to read them, and ending up by having a good laugh at our pictures. But who could blame them?

We roused ourselves in the morning at the unearthly hour of half past four—not a difficult thing to do in the beds we were using. With much noise and bustle, the coolies checked our baggage. We rode off, in chairs mounted on the men's shoulders.

The day was delightful and the jolting only a pleasant sway, for the men were sure-footed and moved along at a swift jog. Incidentally, it was not hard to meditate on the carrying of the Cross, as we watched the bamboo poles of the chairs gradually working into the men's shoulders.

*(To be continued next month)*



MOTHER MARY JOSEPH,  
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Dear Mother Mary Joseph:

I, .....  
(Name in full)

Address .....  
(Number and street City State)

enclose herewith \$..... to help a Maryknoll Sister over distant trails in her quest for souls. One dollar supports a Sister one day.

"The Chinese congregation sang with a new vigor, and one felt a tenseness in the atmosphere. . . . They certainly prayed for and with the American fighting men."

## Evening Mass in China

by THOMAS RYAN, S. J.

A SHORT mission was beginning in Kweilin. The number of Chinese present had exceeded expectations, and the church was crowded. After the sermon, there was to be Benediction. As the sermon drew to a close, it was clear that something exceptional was happening. There were voices outside, and people waiting at the end door.

When the priest stepped down from the altar and was about to turn to the sacristy to vest for Benediction, Monsignor Romaniello came up the side aisle and approached the altar rail. The priest stopped, and Monsignor told him: "It will be necessary to change the schedule. Some of the American airmen have come. We are going to have Mass for them."

The announcement was made to the congregation. The effect was electrical. Evening Mass! Some of the people had heard of it. It had been told by a few parishioners that one Sunday evening Mass had been said in the Kweilin church for some American Army men. But the story had not been believed. It could not be. Everyone knew that Mass was said in the morning. Now it seemed that the story was true, after all.

The priest explained. There was a privilege granted to those who were on army duty to have Mass said for them in the evening, if conditions made it impossible for them to have Mass in the morning. It was a privilege granted not merely to Americans, but to Catho-

lic fighting men of all nations. The missionary then urged all the Chinese who could to stay for Mass and join in the singing of the hymns.

Father Robert Greene, of Jasper, Indiana, said the Mass. He manages to combine the duties of auxiliary chaplain to the aviators with the care of his own mission in the West Gate section of Kweilin.

The congregation sang with a new vigor, and one felt a tenseness in the atmosphere. The people realized that they were forming part of the Church's mission of sanctifying and blessing the world's warriors. They certainly prayed for and with the American fighting men.

### *The best sermon*

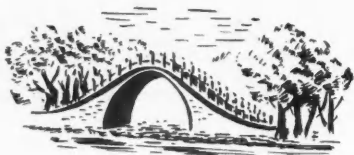
When the time for Communion came, the aviators went to the altar rail as simply and unaffectedly as if they were going to the altar in their own parish at home. The eyes of all were on them, and it was not hard to guess what

the people were thinking:

"These are the allies from the New World who have come to help China. They are Catholics like

ourselves! They are fine men, and it is a fine thing to be a Catholic."

The best sermon of the mission was preached by those American boys who knelt and prayed at the evening Mass and walked up to receive Holy Communion at the altar rail.





### **"The Song of Bernadette"**

FRANZ WERFEL'S great novel has at last reached the screen. The little French heroine of the book, Saint Bernadette of Lourdes, has always been very close to Maryknoll. Maryknoll's co-founder, Father Thomas Frederick Price, did much to make her known in this country.

Besides writing a book on the life of Bernadette, Father Price was the author of pamphlets and articles telling about her; and he preached on devotion to this little peasant girl who had been privileged to see the Blessed Virgin. He made several trips to Lourdes to visit the places hallowed by her memory.

After his death in Hong Kong, in 1919, Father Price's request was granted that his heart be borne to Nevers, France, where it was interred in the chapel near the remains of Bernadette, his "little saint."

"I shall go, but I shall not return," said Saint Isaac Jogues, when he received permission from his superiors to found among the Mohawks the "Mission of Martyrs."

## The discoverer of Lake George

by ROBERT W. GARDNER

THE first time Father Isaac Jogues was at Lake George, he could scarcely have been aware of its beauty, for he was a captive of the savage Mohawks and lay near to death in the bottom of an Indian canoe.

Three years later, on May 30, 1646, he again crossed the limpid waters in northern New York called by the Indians Lake Andiatarocté. That time Father Jogues saw the lake surrounded by the vivid green of spring foliage, hemmed in by lovely hills, and reflecting the blue of a cloudless sky.

It was the eve of the Feast of Corpus Christi, and the saintrenamed Lake Andiatarocté the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament. It was so called until just before the Revolution. Then a devotee of the English king, wishing to please his sovereign, changed the name to Lake George.

But Saint Isaac Jogues has greater claims than an explorer's fame to the grateful memory of Americans. As a captive of the Mohawks, he baptized seventy converts. It is New York's first baptismal record, drenched with a

martyr's blood. Three years later the sacrifice was consummated, when the missionary was murdered at what is now known as Auriesville, just above the Schoharie, on the south bank of the Mohawk River.

Isaac Jogues was born of a noble family at Orléans, France, on January 10, 1607. He entered the Jesuit novitiate when he was seventeen. At the age of twenty-nine, he was sent as a missionary to America. He wrote to his mother: "It is difficult to experience in this world a joy more excessive and more overflowing than I felt on setting foot in the New World."

Only two or three weeks after his arrival at Quebec, the young priest went on to the shores of Lake Huron. He made the nine-hundred-mile journey through the wilderness under the most dangerous and difficult conditions. At its end, he was joyously welcomed by Father de Brébeuf and his Jesuit companions.

Soon after his arrival at the Huron Mission, Father Jogues fell ill of a fever and almost died. Then a pestilence broke out among the Indians. The medi-



*Father Jogues has carved the name of 'Jesus' in the tree trunk and tells the Indian children about the Saviour. This beautiful statuary group is at Auriesville, N. Y.*



cine men blamed the pestilence on the new religion preached by the Jesuits, and clamored for their death. For days the priests labored under the shadow of the tomahawk.

The saint then served among the Petun and the Ojibway Indians. It is probable that, by securing the good will of the Indians on Lake Superior, Father Jogues made it possible for the great Marquette to be a missionary without becoming a martyr.

Father Jogues had to obtain supplies for the new mission. On returning from Quebec, he was captured by the Mohawks and put to unspeakable tortures. It was during this long martyrdom that some of the missionary's fingers were gnawed and burned off by the savages.

After thirteen months of captivity, Father Jogues was liberated by the efforts of the Dutch at Fort Orange (Albany) and New Amsterdam (New York City). When Father Jogues was at New Amsterdam, there were only two Catholics in the settlement.

Saint Jogues was sent by the Dutch to France, where the Queen kissed his mutilated hands. The Holy Father accorded him special permission to say Mass, despite his injury.

At the earliest opportunity, Father Jogues returned to America. In the summer of 1646, he served as ambassador of the French to the Mohawks; and the following autumn he went to found among them the "Mission of Martyrs." On the eighteenth of October his own blood was the first to sanctify the new mission. Killed with a tomahawk, he was beheaded, and his mangled body was thrown into the Mohawk River.

Saint Isaac Jogues was not a physical giant like the martial Father de Brébeuf. He was gentle and retiring. The heroic character of his charity stands out in startling relief against the bestial savagery of the poor Indians for whom he laid down his life.

## **Maryknoll's heritage**

**HIS** Excellency, Manuel Larrain Erazaruriz, the Bishop of Talca, Chile, added immeasurably by his presence to the Maryknoll missionaries' celebration of their first Foundation Day in Chile. We quote in part from his talk on this occasion:

"On the day of Pentecost, the Church received her mission—the divine mandate to sow throughout the world the word of God and to extend the reign of Christ to the uttermost bounds of the earth. In compliance with this command, the Church, through the centuries of her history, has addressed herself faithfully and well to the task assigned.

"No barrier has been able to check the ardor of apostolic hearts. Consequently, each nation has had its missionary hour—the hour of its response to the call to evangelize the world.

"In the sixteenth century, as the new worlds of America and Asia opened to the missionary's view, Catholic Europe gave the light of faith to these new regions. Then, in the centuries which followed, Africa and even the 'islands afar off' shared in this heritage.

### **The call reaches the Americas**

"The mandate of the Master continued its run; and with the advent of our own century, that call which had echoed through other centuries came to the Americas. To that missionary call of Christ, Maryknoll is the answer of North America. It is not without significance that like responses are beginning to rise also in South America. In short, these two continents, united in spirit, have begun to outline the missionary vocation of the world of Columbus.

"And so, beloved Maryknollers, it can be said truly that in coming to South America, far from narrowing your vocation, you have rather enlarged it."



*In the Maryknoll Kaying Vicariate, South China, missionaries and Christians celebrated with joy the twenty-fifth ordination anniversary of Bishop Francis X. Ford. Bishop Ford, one of the Society's pioneers, entered Maryknoll from Brooklyn, N. Y. In this picture he is surrounded by fellow missionaries and by his Chinese seminarians*

## **Catholic education in China**

by BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD

**D**URING the passive days of the static old Chinese Empire, there was no system of education, as we understand the term. Schooling was a matter of tutoring in the traditional classics, and thus beyond the reach of the mass of the people. The problem then was relatively simple; and the Catholic missionaries scattered throughout China solved it by opening primary doctrinal schools, where the rudiments of the language were acquired through a study of the Catechism, Bible history, and prayer books.

With the Republic the state first entered the lists. Hastily adopting an undigested system from America, the Republic rushed into the field of Western education. The chief weakness of its system has been that the content of the curricula was not adapted to the actual

needs of Chinese youth, but had been imported bodily from America, without the opportunity that obtains there of fitting the graduates into a commercial world.

The Church, however, willingly coöperated and reorganized its system in accord with current legislation, not without some state interference.

### **Education comes alive**

The past six years of war have affected Government schools in China so deeply that mere statistics give little insight into the problem. Tens of millions of non-combatants have migrated from war zones; several million youths and thousands of former school teachers have been called for war service. It is small wonder that the school system of the nation has had difficulty in func-

tioning. Fortunately, the Government made strenuous, foresighted efforts, and millions of school children continued at school.

The trek of the larger universities a thousand miles into the depths of China is an epic in itself. A horde of college students walked much of the distance in groups, through vast stretches that were barely able to cope with the influx.

Schooling lost its prosaic atmosphere and was colored with adventure. The devotion of sacrificing teachers became more apparent, and the heroic efforts of parents in providing the extra costs appealed to the best in the boys. Education became quick and purposeful, as a means of fitting the growing generation for the future rebuilding of China.

The school system of the Catholic missions was less affected by the war than was the Government school system. The missions of the Catholic Church are spread fairly evenly throughout China, and the shifting of the school population found similar schools in the new regions. Our parochial schools of primary grades now have 428,000 pupils, where before hostilities we had 374,000.

Our Catholic colleges were situated mostly in the more populous seaports. As these ports fell into the power of the invaders, the Government schools were obliged to close down; but the private institutions were allowed sufficient liberty to function.

Our high-school system, however, was spread throughout the missions and suffered markedly by war. The heaviest toll on high-school enrollment was the

drafting of a huge army, especially as in China the school age is relatively higher than in America.

What saved the educational system of the Church in China as a whole is that she has founded her system on the parochial elementary school. She has been content to specialize in schools of the primary type for the general body of her Christians—with few, but adequate, schools of higher education for those who can afford the costly training for professional and technical careers.

### *The test is weathered*

The Catholic Church in China has regarded education as primarily a Christianizing medium. Mission schools of other bodies have been content to subordinate religion.

This minimizing of religious teaching in Protestant schools has tended to isolate the Catholic system, as apparently at variance with the Government program. However the policy of the Government of China is still in a state of flux. War conditions have tended to liberalize much of its growing nationalism.

The Catholic system of education in China has weathered the test of change from a static, classical past, through two decades of experimentation with Western theories and six years of a devastating war. Her schools, because of their primary purpose as elementary schools for the masses, have remained stable in their modest program. Like the Church herself, they have proved firm guides to healthy citizenship and have won the esteem of thoughtful circles outside the Church's membership.

### *Among their own people*

Bishop Ford recently ordained two more native priests for the Kaying Vicariate in South China. They are Father Tsoc and Father Au. This brings the number of Chinese priests in Kaying to ten. In all the Maryknoll mission fields of the Orient, a total of thirty native priests are now laboring among their own people.

## On the mission front in China

### Noisy but nice

AMERICAN AVIATORS stationed here enjoy shopping in Kweilin. They like to "talk price" through the medium of the sign language, and they are fascinated by the Chinese method of drumming up trade.

Whenever a new shop opens its doors, or an established one is having a sale, attention is called to the fact by the hiring of the one and only brass band in town. The musicians entertain prospective buyers hour after hour by a constant repetition of seven or eight tunes. It is noisy but nice, especially when they swing into "My Old Kentucky Home" or "The Old Folks at Home."

We have converts these days, both at the West Gate mission and at the hotel where the American airmen live. One of the pilots, who was recently baptized in the States, is preparing for Confirmation. We hope to make a big thing out of the ceremony, for the benefit of the other boys.

—Father Robert W. Greene, of Jasper, Indiana, now in Kweilin, China



Rev. Joseph McGinn

### Black Earth Valley

The name of my new mission is Vou-Nai-Hang, which means "Black Earth

Valley." The nearest priest is five miles away, in the next parish. That may not seem far, but it is a good two hours' journey over the rough mountain road.

My little compound includes a small chapel, a compact rectory, and a convent for two Chinese Sisters. Owing to the zealous work of the Sisters, the parish does not need a woman catechist.

My cook is a prize and deserves mention. He worked for a time at the Kaying seminary as house boy, and there learned his cooking, mostly from me. As soon as he heard I was setting up housekeeping for myself, he asked if he could come along. He makes excellent bread and nice cakes, and knows all my likes and dislikes.

The people of Black Earth Valley are mountaineers and very simple. There are about four hundred widely scattered Christians in my territory. The only means of travel over these mountain trails is on foot. Some of my sick calls may well turn out to be all-day hikes!

—Father Allan J. Dennis, of Staten Island, N. Y., now in Vou-Nai-Hang, China

### Indoor air raid

We have nets on our beds, but the mesh that would keep out every variety of Chinese mosquito has yet to be invented. The one mosquito that gets in can be as troublesome as fifty.

At first the victim pulls the quilt over his head and decides to be philosophical, but the heat soon becomes stifling.

The missionary finally gets up, hunts for matches, lights the lamp, and chases the mosquito vainly up and down under the bed-netting.

Next he decides on a sneak attack—only to see the mosquito perch serenely in an inaccessible corner. The outraged priest's patience zooms down in a power dive, and the air raid is hotly resumed.

Someone told me these vampire insects are looking for salt in the blood. At that rate, I must have more salt in me than Lot's wife. At least the mosquitoes think I am "worth my salt!"

—Father George L. Krock,  
of Cleveland, Ohio,  
now in Pet Teou Tsai, China

### ***In perils often***

The other morning, before Mass was over, an air-raid alarm sounded. When I went over to the rectory, it was strangely silent. An ominous hum warned me that the planes were already almost overhead. Bomb after bomb boomed. Twenty minutes passed before the planes flew away.

A child had been killed in the neighbor's yard. All the windows of our mission house and chapel had been broken, and the roofs had many perforations.

"Perhaps they won't bother this town again," I thought. But in mid-afternoon the planes returned.

They circled Kochow at low altitude and gave it a vicious bombing. This raid

started several large fires, but the mission property was undamaged. The raid surprised me while I was climbing a hill, on my way to a near-by village. Bullets rained on the summit of the hill, as I lay farther down its slope in the bracken.

—Father Joseph P. McGinn,  
of Philadelphia,  
now in Kochow, China

### ***The most musical language***

Two of the Fathers have gone on mission trips, so all is very quiet here on the Wuchow front—with the exception of the continuous cries of the street hawkers. I'm trying to keep time with their tunes on Father Teat's typewriter.

The last time I saw my own typewriter was in Manila, just before we took the ill-fated Clipper to Hong Kong. We seem to be getting along pretty well without all those things we had in our trunks.

Father McKeirnan, Brother Thaddeus, and I are further exploring the mysteries of the most musical language on earth. Father Meyer gave us a splendid start in Chinese while we were in the Stanley Internment Camp.

We have visited some of the Wuchow homes with Bishop Donaghy. The Chinese of all classes esteem and like Bishop Donaghy very much.

—Father John D. Moore,  
of Cumberland, Maryland,  
now in Wuchow, China



*Rev. Allan Dennis*



*Rev. George Krock*



*Rev. John Moore*

A Queen's journey from a rubbish heap  
to the dwelling of her Royal Son.

## ***The Virgin of Villa Victoria***

by FREDERICK P. WALKER

FRANCE has its Lady of Lourdes, Mexico its Lady of Guadalupe, and here in our Bolivian hillside parish we have our Virgin of Villa Victoria. There is a corner of a windowless adobe Indian hut aglow with candlelight. The candlelight flickers on one of the sweetest little faces you ever saw—the face of the “growing” Virgin of Villa Victoria.

About fifteen years ago, an Indian from Villa Victoria saw a tiny face smiling up at him from a rubbish pile, not far from the city of La Paz. It was the face of a little statue of Our Blessed Mother. The Indian carried the statue to Villa Victoria, where it was soon apparent that the image was no ordinary one. It began to grow, and continues to grow—they swear to that, here!

There was then no church in Villa

Victoria. Where should the Lady dwell? It was agreed upon that she should move from house to house yearly, on her Feast of the Assumption. The lovely Lady had to have a wardrobe—and a growing one, at that. So it was stipulated that the family who made the prettiest wardrobe would gain possession of the statue for the following year.

Needles flew; and on each August 15, the smiling little Queen journeyed in splendor through the streets of Villa Victoria. Meanwhile her wardrobe grew, and so did she—they swear to that, here!

Not long ago two American Padres came to Villa Victoria; and soon, from the dust of a field, a simple building rose, the house of God among the hillside's Indians.

*“The smiling Queen journeyed in splendor through the streets of Villa Victoria”*





The Archbishop of La Paz was asked to say the first Mass and to bless the church. Two American Franciscan Sisters who were visiting Bolivia placed altar cloths on the adobe altar and decked it with flowers. Then came a stream of Indian men and women, carrying statues and pictures. In the dust of each Indian adobe hut is a corner for a *Santo*; and today of all days, the *Santo* had to be placed on the altar.

At ten o'clock the chapel walls were bulging. Late-comers filled the doorless doorway with a mass of colored skirts and shawls, while later-comers ran to watch the proceedings through the glassless windows. The Mass began.

### ***Our Lady comes home***

After the Gospel, the Archbishop turned to address the congregation.

On the dirt floor sat the colorfully dressed Indian mothers, a baby in front of each one. The men stood twisting their hats in their hands. The eyes of the little boys and girls sparkled like bright jet buttons. As the squawking of babies gained in volume, competition was keen for the prelate.

Every now and again, another parishioner would work his way through the throng and brush right by the Archbishop to place his precious *Santo* on the altar. Amid such distractions, the patient speaker continued.

Suddenly a silence fell. The tinkle of a tiny bell was heard, and a procession advanced toward the altar. In its midst, followed by the loving gaze of all, came smilingly the Queen of Villa Victoria, the "growing" Virgin. She was placed high on the Gospel side, where she could look down on all the people.

Then the babies began to squawk again, and the Archbishop continued his sermon. But the tear-dimmed eyes of the Indians saw only the "growing" Virgin of Villa Victoria, who seemed so happy to be home at last—home in this simple house of her Son.

## Letters

"For the first time since my arrival in India, I have received the *Maryknoll* magazine. I can't tell you how happy I and my friends here were to see it."

—*Corp. V. B., India*



"I am sending my monthly contribution of \$5, for the orphans of China. I am a Cadet in the Army Air Force, and I hope my contribution will help me to make good. It is a pleasure to give this money to someone who needs it more than I do."

—*E/Sgt. F. E., Army Air Force*



"The B-24 is a beauty, and I hope to have my own ship and crew some day soon. I'm going to call it the *Maryknoll Express*, if I may. Have I your approval, Father? I'm proud to be associated with Maryknoll, even in a small way."

—*B. J., A.A.F. Combat Crew School*



"No matter how often I tell myself I'm just not going to read through your 'Want Ads,' I find myself devouring all of them. I feel so guilty when I think of the money I spend foolishly, while so many people in the world lack the necessities of life. I don't know where or how I'm going to get the \$5 every month, but I am making myself responsible for 'one of the aged' mentioned in the second ad."

—*M. M., Cleveland, Ohio*

The plain man didn't know it, but the planes were fighting to preserve his way of living.

## Planes and the plain man

by JOSEPH G. COSGROVE

IF there is something that characterizes this Chinese countryside, it is perhaps the utter simplicity of its people and scenery. There is no trace of a road that might compare favorably with anything seen abroad. There is no newspaper or magazine, with glaring headlines of new fury and death on land, sea, and from the air. There are no lofty buildings, or factories belching forth smoke, or noisy trucks and cars with the smell of gas and rumble of war.

Recently, as I was sitting on a pine log, beneath a sycamore tree coming into bloom, an old Chinese was plodding along the road. At first he was a little amazed to see a foreigner. Then, as if apologizing for his failing sight, he said with great fervor: "God bless you, *Shen Fu!* You have come!"

He was leading a water buffalo by a rope. In America, the old, bespectacled gentleman retiring from active life haunts the baseball field, or rocks himself into quiet old age with his newspaper—watching with mild interest the world go by his front porch. In China's cities, you will find the old boy setting up a few boards on the sidewalk, where he can sell peanuts. For every Chinese is a farmer by instinct and a businessman for the sheer joy of it.

The old country gentleman who crouched at my side near the brook that spring afternoon had returned to the employment of his childhood. He was watching the water buffalo.

"And what do you do all the day?" I asked the old man.

"Oh, I sit all day," he chuckled softly. "My sons used to watch the buffaloes when they were boys; but now they work in the fields, and I watch the buffaloes."

He gave a jerk to the rope, for his buffalo was impatiently stamping the ground, eager to get home. We said nothing for several minutes.

"It is a nice day," observed the old man. "The rain has done the rice fields much good. Today there is not a cloud in the sky, and it will be good for the rice crops. Yes, it is a very nice day," he repeated.

"Yes," I said, "a very nice day for an air raid. But you do not need to worry, out here in the countryside. We have planes, too, fighting on our side. You know there are many American airplanes among them."

"Americans?" said the old man, interrupting. "What are they doing over here?"

"Who are the enemy?"

"They have come to fight for China. We are allies. We must drive the enemy from the land."

"And who are the enemy?" he asked.

"The Axis Powers," I quickly returned, just the least bit impatient. "The Japanese Army."

"The Axis—what's that? And where is the Japanese Army?"

"They are the ones who are waging war against China."



"Oh," said the old man thoughtfully. "That is where my eldest son went, to fight the Japanese Army. But the Japanese will never come here, *Shen Fu*?"

"You can't say for certain."

"Don't the Japanese have farms, too?" queried my old friend, with some show of indignation. "What becomes of all the rice and the grain, while they are fighting around in other peoples' countries?"

"The women and oldsters take care of it, I suppose."

"Well, that does not make much sense to me," objected the venerable Chinese. "If they stayed home and cared for their rice, they would have happiness and prosperity. Now they make sorrow for others, and in their own homeland women weep for their dead. It is all very stupid."

"I am completely of your mind," I answered.

But the old gentleman wasn't interested any further. He wanted to talk about his fields, his pigs, and his chickens.

An American, so deeply concerned with the progress of the war, would be greatly scandalized to hear such talk. But one who has lived with the simple

country Chinese for any length of time understands at once this seeming indifference.

The country Chinese are greatly attached to their children, their homes, and their fields. Peace-loving, they want only to be left alone. China is a vast country, where millions and millions of her people are far removed from the bustle and tramp of the outside world. The Chinese are simple people, clinging to the simple way of life. And that is why God must have a fond place for them in His heart.

\* \* \*

An American fighter plane spanked across the cloudless sky with a great burst of speed.

"Look!" exclaimed the old man. "One of your planes—it is making the water buffaloes run!"

But I looked instead at the old man. He stood for something fine and quiet. Something, indeed, that the noisy P-40 was trying to preserve and to make live again, in lands where human ruthlessness and greed had shattered it.

Then the Chinese farmer rose, said good-by, and led his buffalo across the brook. Soon both the plane and the plain old man had disappeared.



### Your Prayers, Please!

Every Friday of the year, each Maryknoll priest offers his Mass for you; on the same day, the Brothers, seminarians, and Maryknoll Sisters receive Communion and recite their Rosary for Maryknoll Members. This is our expression of gratitude to you, who do so much for our work. We think of each of you as members of the Maryknoll family. You are remembered also every day in the community prayers of all Maryknoll houses.

From some members, we have received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

*Persons sick, 6,221*

*Persons deceased, 275*

*Persons in the services, 5,736*

*Other special intentions, 14,022*

## MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

**Candles for the altar.** A year's supply costs \$50 in Bolivia. Who will supply them for the church at La Paz? Make out check for *The Maryknoll Fathers*.

**\$5 given** for the "warphans" of China—children left homeless and fatherless and motherless—will help Maryknoll to care for these pitiful waifs; will help the future of China; and will help to win souls!

**The Flying Death.** Not a great bomber, but the tiny, deadly malarial mosquito! Maryknoll priests in the South American jungles would die very quickly without the protection of mosquito nets. A face net costs \$1.50; a bed net costs \$6.50. Who will help us to buy them?

**"If our church is to have walls** and a roof, we, the Indians and I, must build them with our own hands," writes Father Kiernan, from Puno, Peru. "We have clay, but no equipment for brick-making and tile-making, and sadly little knowledge. Can you send me tools and technical books?" Can we? \$200 will cover the cost.

**Bandages for Bolivia** are a current need. Father August Kircher writes that he can use ten 100-yard rolls of gauze for his medical dispensary. The rolls cost \$4 each.

**Put yourself in his place.** If you were a Maryknoll missionary, journeying in a South American jungle; and if you, or your Indian guides, should be bitten by a poisonous snake; and if the snake-bite kit provided by someone at home should save the endangered life—wouldn't you be grateful? Such kits cost only \$2.50.

**A kingdom for a horse?** No—\$100 each, for three horses, so that three Maryknoll missionaries, two in Peru and one in Central America, can travel about their territory, reaching the remote villages where they are most needed. Multiply their power to serve by this gift!

**"There isn't any more."** Terrible words. Tragic words for a Maryknoll missionary to have to say to the lines of patient, helpless Chinese holding out their rice bowls! If you could see these people as our priests do, and realize their need, you would gladly make a sacrifice to bring them food! Give \$1—\$5—anything. But give!

**Investment.** He has heard God's word from the Maryknoll missionaries. He not only believes, but wants to preach the word to his Chinese countrymen. To educate him for the priesthood will cost \$1,500. Who will provide the Church with a living, eloquent, devoted priest?

**Leprosy** is as mysterious and deadly as cancer, and even more terrible. When you contribute \$1, or \$2, or \$5, or more, to the Maryknoll leprosarium, in the Kongmoon Vicariate, South China, you are helping to isolate and stamp out this dreadful plague.

**A War Bond,** bought and given to Maryknoll as a stringless gift, will help the Government and will help Maryknoll. Purchase *Bond Series F* or *G*, in the name of our special corporate title: *Maryknoll Fathers Mission Society, Inc.*

**The old men of China,** once honored and respected, are now turned out upon the roads of war, to wander homeless among strangers. Help us to feed, and comfort, and protect them. \$3 will care for one for a period of many days. They need so little!

**A Chinese inn** is not much of a place in which to live; but one Maryknoll missionary is carrying on his work from a native hostelry and his hand baggage. To get him settled in adequate quarters would cost \$200. We commend him to your kindness.

**The bread and wine** for the Holy Sacrifice must be paid for, like everything else. Who will provide these essentials for one mission, for one year? The cost is \$30.





*Traffic laws favor pedestrians in this South American village*

## ***The Maryknoll Seminary Needs***

10 Desk lamps (each).....	\$2.10	35 Crucifixes (each).....	1.50
20 Wastebaskets (each).....	.50	150 Napkins (each).....	.20
60 Mirrors (each).....	.20	30 Rugs (each).....	1.89
30 Mops (each).....	.50	20 Blankets (each).....	3.00
12 Shades (each).....	1.80	200 Dishes (each set).....	25.00
650 Glasses (each).....	.03	25 Bed linens (each set).....	4.50
20 Pillows (each).....	1.35	10 Tablecloths (each).....	8.00
25 Push brooms (each).....	1.50	60 Bookcases (each).....	6.50
40 Chairs (each).....	1.38	20 Shower curtains (each).....	.85



**Many churches built by pioneer missionaries among the South American Indians still stand and are lovingly tended; but in numerous instances, they have long been priestless.**

**Maryknoll hears the call of empty tabernacles over the earth. Do you, as a young man, also hear this call in *your* heart? Will you be a Maryknoll missionary?**



